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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE first division on the Government's tariff proposals in the House of Commons yielded the enormous majority of 452 to 76; a figure so overwhelming as to deprive the later stages of the measure of all popular and most of its parliamentary interest. The small minority included eight Liberals—three members of the Cabinet and five junior ministers.

The Liberal Cave

These eight naturally look to Sir Herbert Samuel as their leader—a cuckoo whose presence in the National Government nest becomes more dangerous as time goes on. We deal elsewhere with his parliamentary and extra-parliamentary activities, whose only defenders appear to be Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin; here it is sufficient to say that if this position is allowed to develop, the Government will eventually become almost as divided in matters of policy as the Liberal Party itself.

Meantime the future of the Liberal Party, as of Sir Herbert Samuel, remains extraordinarily obscure. Mr. Lloyd George appears to

be biding his time for a return to the House, which may be tactically wise; presumably he has not yet made up his mind whether the proposals for a common front against the Government, which have been put forward unofficially by more than one Labour member and ex-Labour member, are sufficient basis for action.

It is an open question for the Lloyd George splinter party whether the broken Labour ranks are worth leading—and incidentally whether Mr. Maxton, the only man of any calibre among the Labour Opposition, would consent to be led by a Liberal. With Labour support Mr. Lloyd George might at least hope to count for something in the House which ten years ago he still dominated; without it, he can hardly expect more than the coldly respectful hearing which his antiquarian views on tariffs are entitled to obtain.

So much for the immediate position. On a longer view, the reunion of the Liberal Party is manifestly impossible, at any rate during the lifetime of its present leaders. It is possible that a miracle would persuade Sir John Simon and Mr. Runciman to return to the Lloyd

George banner, but nothing short of a series of miracles would keep them there; while Sir Herbert Samuel himself appears to be as suspect by his old leader for his defection last autumn as he is to-day by those new associates from whom he differs on first principles.

As to Liberalism in the country, it is still a force, though hardly, I think, a power; and on the whole the evidences are that it is a declining force. Information from the Universities suggests that Liberalism in the Church is probably increasing (at any rate in the sense of freedom of interpretation), but so far as the State and the service of the State is concerned, it is certainly diminishing.

The youth of this country has politically taken a decided turn to the Right; and while academic Socialism still has a certain vogue at the Universities, Liberalism both in its orthodox and its neo-Lloyd Georgian form is hopelessly out of fashion. The truth seems to be that Liberalism of the old political type is conscious that it has no further mission in the world, while the world itself has decided that it has no use for Liberalism of the new economic type.

Increased Unemployment

The large increase in the monthly unemployment figures is frankly disappointing. To some extent it is no doubt seasonal, but that is certainly not the full explanation. To some extent again it is due to trade uncertainty, pending the change-over from a free import to a tariff system, but that again is hardly a full explanation.

The fact is, I am afraid, that the lessened spending power of the public, and the disinclination of that part of the community which has not suffered salary or wage cuts to spend at the former rate, has diminished trade all round. This has led to discharges and the introduction of skeleton staffs in shops, offices, and factories, and swollen the lists of unemployment all over the country.

The only real cure for this, it is clear, is a reduction of the Income Tax. The addition of sixpence to the pound last autumn might have been borne, or alternatively the collection of 75 per cent. of the total in the January quarter might have been borne, without obvious ill-effect; but the incidence of the two together has been the last straw. The price we are paying is shown in drastic economy on the part of the consumer, with increased unemployment as the inevitable concomitant.

"Invest British"

In recent "Saturday Review" correspondence on the Collapse of Capital, reference was made to some figures given by Sir Arthur Michael Samuel, M.P., regarding the losses incurred by British investors who had lent money abroad. Sir Arthur returned to the charge last week, and estimated that during the past sixty years British savings that had gone into overseas investments had been lost to the extent of anything between two and five thousand millions.

To give two instances, Mexico's pre-war defaults alone amount to over a hundred millions, while Brazil was twice a defaulter before the war. It is clear, then, that abnormal world conditions cannot be blamed as the primary cause of investors' misfortunes.

I notice that Sir Arthur favours the continuance of lending abroad, provided the borrowers are "credit-worthy." But he holds very strongly that the ease with which foreign loans can be floated in this country has caused the "waste of savings needed for our own industrial reconstruction." In other words, there has been so much destruction of capital sent abroad, as to limit the funds available for beneficial expenditure at home. Here, as in so many other matters, Britain has been too much the world's milch-cow.

Britain and Disarmament

The British proposals in the matter of disarmament are—apart from the proposed abolition of submarines—as practical as the French were the reverse, and Sir John Simon is to be warmly congratulated upon as fine a speech as Geneva has yet heard from the lips of a British statesman. Above all, the scheme which he outlined does very definitely mean disarmament, which M. Tardieu's plan does not. Whether that consideration will or will not recommend it to a Disarmament Conference is an open question.

Furthermore, it is significant that the British suggestion is supported by the United States, Italy, and Germany, all of them Great Powers, while the French proposals are only backed by Poland and the Little Entente. Indeed, this grouping of the nations is significant, for it shows quite clearly that the Paris scheme is appreciated at its true value, as an attempt to perpetuate the hegemony of France in Europe.

It must also be a matter for congratulation that the British Government has resisted the

appeals of the pacifists to make any more "gestures" which mean unilateral disarmament. The plain fact is that so far as arms go we are stripped to the skin, and if the present conference settles nothing, far from disarming further, we shall in all probability have to augment our land, sea, and air forces.

The Irish Election

The probable result of the polling in the Irish Free State is baffling the prophets. The new British tariff proposals with their exemption of Dominion produce from the flat rate duty of 10 per cent. are a strong card in the hands of the Government, whose spokesmen are pointing out that if Ireland became a republic its products would become liable to a possible 100 per cent. reprisal if there were any discrimination against British goods, such as the more irresponsible of Mr. de Valera's supporters are advocating.

At the same time electors, and particularly Irish electors, are by no means always influenced solely by the voice of reason, and it would be idle to deny that there is a good deal of apprehension. On the other hand, election is by Proportional Representation, and to obtain a clear majority the Republicans will have to win at least twenty seats, which they are not likely to do under the present system, and anything less will merely give the smaller parties the deciding voice in the new Dail.

The most likely outcome is that there will be little change, which would mean defeat for Mr. de Valera, though there is always the possibility of a great Government victory. In the present election the voter is keeping his own counsel to a remarkable extent, and it may well be that when the results are announced it will be found that he has given Mr. Cosgrave such a "doctor's mandate" as Mr. MacDonald received last October, which would be satisfactory both from the Irish and the Imperial standpoint.

The Dartmoor Report

The official report on the Dartmoor mutiny follows very closely upon the suggestions made in this paper a fortnight ago. It is plain that the whole prison system requires a complete overhaul, and, in particular, that more care should be exercised in the choice of prison governors, as well, apparently, as in that of the inspectors. The Home Office has obviously been far too complacent, and those responsible

for the custody of criminals seem to have gone to sleep on the job.

Dartmoor is, in modern conditions, unsuitable as a prison, and in its place I would suggest the utilisation of one of the small islands, such as Lundy, that lie off our coasts. In such circumstances the rescue of a prisoner would be almost impossible, while the minimum number of guards would be necessary. Probably transportation would be the most satisfactory solution, but I suppose that would shock the feelings of this sentimental age, which thinks of the criminal rather than of his unhappy victim.

A Dying Art?

The long anticipated demise of professional boxing is now definitely in sight. There are still champions, but they rarely fight, and when they do the fighting is a very tame affair. Occasionally two highly trained young fellows face each other for a round or so and qualify for a large cheque, but the public is rightly tired of such displays.

Dog and dirt-track racing are increasing in popularity to the exclusion of boxing, and unless half-a-dozen real fighters are found the Noble Art will soon be a thing of the past. One watches its passing with mixed emotions. The ring has produced many ruffians in its time, but it has also turned out some great sportsmen and great fighters. Just now at any rate we can ill afford to lose a game which makes real men.

International Rugby

The international rugby football championship is now well under way and already it looks as though last year's winner, Wales will again carry off the honours. England is still losing, and although many changes have been made by the selectors it is more than likely that Ireland will win when the two teams meet in Dublin this week-end.

The strange policy of the new Selection Committee is hard to follow, although critics in every part of the country are certain that we have the men capable of winning. For some unfathomable reason obvious choices have of late been ignored by the Committee, presumably on the principle that "you're too good to be true." On the other hand this policy may account for the fact that England, the home of Rugby Football, at present holds the wooden spoon and seems likely to retain it.

SAMUEL MUST GO

THE disgraceful scene in the House of Commons the other night when the Home Secretary interpreted what was meant to be a gentleman's agreement in a manner unusual among gentlemen will not soon be forgotten, and there can be no shadow of doubt that another such exhibition of bad taste on the part of a Liberal Minister will result in the fall of the present administration. The action of Sir Herbert Samuel is, indeed, the more inexcusable when it is remembered that he was only returned to the House of Commons at the General Election as a consequence of the personal intervention of Mr. Baldwin, and we should imagine that the Conservative leader must now be wondering if it would not be to the advantage of the nation if Darwen were represented by that member of his own party whom he took such pains to exclude from the present Parliament.

Such being the case it is idle to place all the blame upon Sir Herbert Samuel. From the very beginning it was plain to those who had any knowledge of politics that as soon as

the Cabinet came to consider tariffs he would prove to be the proverbial nigger in the woodpile, and so it has proved. Mr. Baldwin must have known this when he recommended him to the Conservative electors of Darwen, just as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald knew it when he invited him to be a member of a Cabinet that had as its first task the introduction of a measure of Protection. In short, Sir Herbert Samuel should, in the circumstances, never have been invited to become a minister at all, and he should now be requested to send in his resignation with the least possible delay.

The only argument for his retention is that his resignation would weaken the Government in the eyes of the world. For our part, far from taking such a view, we believe that his disappearance would definitely strengthen the Cabinet, on the same principle that a hedge is improved by the cutting out of dead wood. In any event, it would gain by having the most determined opponent of its policy sitting with the Opposition, instead of sniping at it from the ranks of its own supporters.

CHINA AND JAPAN

FIGHTING has continued furiously in Chapei, the northern suburb of Shanghai, while Japanese men-of-war and aeroplanes have also been bombarding the Woosung forts, where the Shanghai river enters the Yangtze. The tenacity of the Chinese troops has surprised everyone not acquainted with the bloodthirstiness nowadays of China's civil wars. But with 10,000 Japanese soldiers arriving in Shanghai, the Chinese can hardly hope to continue their initial successes. What Japan expected to achieve by laying Chapei in ruins, it is difficult to see. It was a military blunder of the worst sort on Admiral Shiozawa's part to attack an enormous maze like Chapei, which exactly suits the Chinese style of fighting, with a mere handful of marines, and Tokyo has tacitly admitted it in superseding him by Admiral Nomura. The only result has been the vast destruction of property, great loss of life, and the probable conversion of the boycott from the mechanical device of money-grabbers that it has been into a really patriotic movement.

Meanwhile, Japan, having set her hand to the plough, has not the slightest intention of turning back. To the British peace proposals, though supported by America, France and Italy, she replies that she will not object to an effective neutral zone at Shanghai, but cannot desist from precautionary mobilizations and certainly will not tolerate any third-party meddling in Manchuria. The latter point is so

absolutely fixed that the Powers will save much time by ceasing to try to get round it. America has taken this lying down: further negotiations, it says, would be useless and might even be dangerous. Great Britain apparently concurs. So long as the International Settlement is safe, other Powers are unlikely to take up cudgels on China's behalf. Japan deftly turns their flank by insisting that her actions are guided solely by a policy of protecting the common interests of all the Powers.

The inwardness of this argument is revealed in her proposal for a broad neutral zone round Shanghai at least under international protection; preferably, also, round Hankow, Canton, Tientsin and Tsingtao. The scheme needs fuller explanation than can be given now, but it is much to be hoped that the Powers will not hastily reject it on the score of indignity to China. Most thoughtful Chinese say frankly that their country will never get out of the bog unaided, and, as Japan rightly argues, by neutralizing the chief money centres Chinese merchants would be emboldened to resist the militarists' demands and civil war would languish for lack of funds. The issue is one between the "face" of a handful of politicians, whose greed and incapacity have brought China to the verge of bankruptcy, and the welfare of the great, peaceable, industrious people of China. The task is too big for Japan alone and the alternative to the Powers co-operating with her is worse anarchy and probably a flood of Communism.

DISARMAMENT—THE FRENCH RED HERRING

IT was clear from the beginning that the Disarmament Conference, with a state of war existing in the Far East and the financial problems of the world still unsettled, would be a comedy, but the proposals of the French Government have, as was the intention of Paris from the outset, reduced it to a farce. The basis of the French scheme is the Geneva Protocol of 1924, which is no more likely to appeal to a Conservative majority in the House of Commons now than it did then, when even that internationally-minded statesman, Sir Austen Chamberlain, declared that this country would never consent to placing the British Navy at the disposal of the League of Nations. For the rest, it is clear that the two great Powers, the United States and Russia, which are not members of the League, would certainly not agree to the French plan, and without their participation it could never be put into execution. Of course, M. Tardieu knows this better than anyone, and his scheme is manifestly a red herring drawn across the trail of disarmament to ensure that nothing shall be done at Geneva to impair the French hegemony of Europe.

Even if this scheme were practicable, it would merely result in a transfer of armaments, not in their limitation, and still less in their reduction. It might, it is true, make the League a Great Power, but as the influence of France is predominant at Geneva, the only result would be that the French supremacy would be paid for by the taxpayers of other countries as well as by those of France.

It is one of the many paradoxes of the international situation to-day that only those nations which are armed to the teeth are allowed to discuss universal peace with any possibility of making their voices heard. Spain, for example, was excluded from the London Naval Conference two years ago because her fleet was not considered large enough to justify her participation in a congress that was discussing the limitation of armaments, and before the recent unfortunate revolution in that country it was the avowed intention of King Alfonso and his ministers to build a sufficient number of warships to justify the admission of Spain to the counsels of the Powers when they met together to discuss the establishment of permanent peace. On the present occasion, the Pope, though a sovereign prince in every sense of the word, and one who is regarded by millions of people in all parts of the world as the representative on earth of the Prince of Peace, is excluded from the deliberations at Geneva, presumably because he has not sufficient material weapons at his disposal to justify the presence of his delegates.

Furthermore, there is a marked tendency

in many quarters to regard the problem of disarmament as one that is entirely isolated from all the other questions that are perplexing mankind to-day. The elementary fact that fear is at the root of the armament problem eludes the pacifists completely, and they appear to think that nations maintain large armies and navies for no other reason than a love of display, or a desire to be unpleasant to their neighbours. In these circumstances, it cannot be too often repeated that there will be no effective disarmament until the questions that are at present setting nation against nation have been answered. First settle debts, reparations, and the revision of the Peace Treaties, and the armaments will settle themselves. Any other procedure is merely to start at the wrong end, and the net result can only be to waste time and money, with, in all probability, the exacerbation of an already dangerous international situation.

Nor are armaments in themselves such bad things as the pacifists would have us believe, and it is rather in the uses to which they may be put that their danger lies. Most people, we imagine, would agree that drugs in the hands of a doctor serve a very different purpose from when they are in the possession of a dope-fiend, and so it is with armaments. Had there been, for instance, no British Navy in the nineteenth century it would have been impossible to suppress the slave trade, while had the present international understandings been in force in 1859-60 the King of Naples, however execrable his methods of government, would have been able to invoke the aid of the League against Piedmont, and the unification of Italy would have been impossible. Indeed, we are prepared to go so far as to say that armaments, within reasonable limits, have done more good than harm, and it is significant that the proposal for their complete abolition comes from Russia, the one Power which stands to gain by the outbreak of mob-violence that would automatically ensue if such a suggestion were ever adopted.

What humanity requires at the present time is neither disarmament nor necessarily peace, but justice. If Geneva will show us that there is some other way of bringing this about than by war, we will soon beat our swords into ploughshares. That the cause of justice is likely to be in any way furthered by the present conference, and still less by the French proposals, we do not for a moment believe, and for this reason we trust that British statesmen will direct their attention rather to the forthcoming conference at Ottawa than to the existing one at Geneva. When we have put our own house in order it will be time enough to see if we can lend a hand to our neighbours.

HOW AMERICA REPUDIATED HER DEBT TO BRITAIN

By ROY HOPKINS

REPUDIATION is an ugly word. It is not unknown in America for Americans have not only repudiated debts to this country for over seventy years but also, in one case designed amazing measures to prevent steps being taken to recover the money even to the extent of amending the State Constitution itself.

The exact wording of this remarkable effort in legal knavery is perhaps worth reproducing. This instructive amendment, repudiating debt, runs:—

"Nor shall the State assume, redeem, secure or pay, any indebtedness claimed to be due by the State of Mississippi to any person, association or corporation whatsoever, claiming the same as owners, holders, or assignees of any bond or bonds known as the Union Bank Bonds or the Planters Bank Bonds.

This remarkable piece of State trickery organized by the State of Mississippi, effectively stopped action from being taken by unfortunate British holders of bonds to recover payment. It may perhaps be urged that this State is only one of the States comprising the United States of America and that the American Government itself was powerless in the matter. Unfortunately this was not and is not the case. The fact is that the action of the State of Mississippi in repudiating its debt is a direct violation of the Constitution of the United States, which declares that:—

"No State shall . . . pass any Bill of Attainder, 'ex post facto' law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts."

Thus the facts are plain for all to read. The component State passes an Act repudiating debt, while the Constitution of the United States forbids it to do so. Between the two as a result of this pretty piece of jugglery European bondholders are deprived of their money and America adds debt repudiation to its page of history.

Up to the present it has been impossible to bring this matter before any international tribunal at which America is represented. The reason for this is that a voice is invariably raised in America making it a condition of America's representation, that this one subject shall not be discussed.

It may be considered, however, that I am prejudiced in this matter. No words of mine are as violent as those uttered or written by representative Americans themselves.

The late President Roosevelt described it "a painful and shameful page in our history."

The "North American Review" in 1884, in an article condemning these defaulting States entitled "Are We a Nation of Rascals?" says: "The substance of the whole matter is that the States of the American Union owe a very large sum of money which they are perfectly able to pay, which they ought to pay, but which they will not pay, and which they cannot by any of the usual processes employed against delinquent debtors, be made to pay."

In December, 1930, a writer in the "American Mercury" states:

"For years these unpaid and repudiated obligations of Mississippi (along with those of other American States) have proven an unpleasant and highly irritating factor in our international relations. Every now and then the matter crops up in the English Parliament, as some indignant member clamours for action. Again, Congress or the State Department is asked to do something about it. Or, it may be some already harassed American diplomat who finds the embarrassing subject poked under his official nose. Even our investment bankers have felt its sting. More than once when one of their agents has chided some spiggaty Minister of Finance for the sin of tardiness, an adroit reference to our own blackened pots has muffled the voices of the emissary."

As lately as February 9, 1931, Mr. Raymond writing in "Barrons," an influential weekly American financial publication on "Savings Bank Laws and repudiated State debts," says:

"The Eleventh Amendment of the United States Constitution shelters repudiating States of the Union from prosecution by their creditors, although their very act of repudiation is itself a violation of Article 1, Section 10, of that same National Constitution, which forbids all legislation by States impairing the obligation of contracts."

"High officials of the United States Government advanced as one of the reasons for refusal to recognize the existing Russian Government, the repudiation by the latter of National Government Loans."

"What shall we say of savings bank laws which permit investment in the obligations of States of the Union, which have deliberately repudiated previous promises to pay?"

The total amount of debts repudiated by various American States has been carefully computed by a reliable British institution. This shows that 75 million dollars is definitely owing to European investors, mostly British. As this sum has been outstanding for nearly seventy years, calculated on the same basis as the funding of our debt to America, it would amount to to-day in round figures approximately £85,000,000. This total represents all our claims. It may, however, be not without interest to take one particular case and examine it closely. I select that of the State of Mississippi already mentioned. This State floated two loans. One loan alone amounted to 7,000,000 dollars, and the bonds were mainly sold in England, Scotland, Holland and Spain. A good American citizen called Hezron A. Johnson, fought the question of payment out to the bitter end in the American law courts. In spite of State influence and prestige he won in two courts, but with amazing audacity Mississippi passed its amendment to its Constitution and blocked all further progress. As the majority of the bondholders were foreigners and not American voters it was, no doubt, an astute piece of electioneering work at the time.

SOCIALISM AND THE TRADE UNION MOVEMENT

BY THE HON. QUINTIN HOGG

TO many it has long been apparent that the Labour Party is a mule; that it is a hybrid composed of doctrinaire Socialism on the one hand and of Trade Union sentiment on the other. Such thinkers must often have asked themselves how long these two interests could remain united.

For a long time apparent mutual advantage has kept them close. Unaided by the genuinely popular appeal of a true working class movement pure Socialism could never have hoped to engraft upon the highly individual and nationalist people of Britain an alien philosophy and an internationalist ethic. The Trade Union movement on the other hand has found in the Marxist doctrine of the Socialist a theoretical justification of its inborn dislike of the employer.

At length, however, there has appeared a rift in the lute. Nothing has been more amusing since the election than the various articles which have appeared in the Press on the future of the Labour Party. Of course the prophetic parts have been completely worthless. On the principle which led the Encyclopædia Britannica to ask Mr. MacDonald to write on Socialism, all the learned authors of these impartial surveys have been themselves members of the Labour Party. Accordingly one would gather that Labour prospects have never been more rosy, and have been increased rather than diminished by the result of the election,—that is, if the party chooses to adopt the writer's own particular gospel for the salvation of the movement.

No less than three separate positions have been adopted. A small section immediately voted in favour of coalition or negotiation with the Liberal party. This policy has not apparently found general acceptance except possibly with those who joined the movement mainly for sentimental reasons.

Another group welcomed the result of the election as the signal for a return to "straight Socialism." To such, Trade Union parochialism has been the cause of defeat. To many of the younger members of the party it has been exasperating to see unprogressive Trade Unionists take all the political plums in strict order of seniority. Among these revolt from Trade Union traditions is regarded as a pleasing prospect.

The Trade Union Congress, on the other hand, remains apparently quite unrepentant. Individual Trade Unionists seem to bear, so far as I have been able to ascertain, a very definite resentment towards the doctrines which they believe to be responsible for their being labelled an unpatriotic party.

The truth is that the alliance of Trade Unionists and Socialism was from the very first illogical. It has done much to confuse the issues in English politics, and in the long run no one has been the gainer.

The Union movement has certainly lost. Taken by itself a great popular movement, which in season and out of season, urges the claims of the industrial working classes against employers may be devoid of intellectual background, but it has a genuinely human appeal to which no political party, least of all the party of Disraeli,

can afford to be unfriendly. It is often parochial, often entirely unreasoning, but it urges a claim whose force can never plausibly be denied.

If it had remained free from party affiliations it is difficult to see how such a movement could have failed to attain anything which is just in its aspirations. Backed by the enormous power which it undoubtedly possesses in an industrial electorate it could have made its terms with any political party if it had been prepared to bargain with each on an equal footing.

Instead it deliberately adopted the doctrine of class war. Nothing, it held, could be hoped for from the capitalists, and so it wantonly turned its back on one of the bidders for its support. Thereby it lifted the whole subject of Trade Unionism into the sphere of violent political controversy. It alienated the sympathies of the whole Conservative party, originally not unfriendly, whilst the Socialist party alone has been unable to do anything much for its friends. The result to-day is that Trade Union law is a horrible mass of anomalies and fifty years behind Company Law in rational development, while to a large number of respectable citizens to be a Trade Unionist (in reality the most conservative of human beings) means to be a revolutionary of the most radical kind.

Worse still, the alliance has rendered the movement unpopular with some of the best elements in the class for which it was intended. The British workman is naturally a patriot and a lover of freedom. The disorganization of the law has led to scandalous intimidation. More directly the alliance with Socialism has led to a shameful abuse of the political levy: whilst worst of all the official propaganda of the movement has attempted to teach self-respecting Englishmen to revile their birthright and to admire instead what many consider the alien institutions of semi-barbarous Muscovites.

But if the movement has failed to attain its objects by its adoption of Socialist doctrine, the influence of Socialism on its policy has been disastrous for the country. In domestic affairs it has tended to render all negotiations between employers and employed abortive, but far more dangerous, in Imperial and Foreign affairs it has enabled the popularity which Trade Unionism possesses as a working class movement to foist upon the country a policy of abasement and indecision just at the moment when in the interests of her future and of the world alike it was essential that Great Britain should be most truly herself.

Socialism alone appears to have been the gainer. But even here a longer view might lead to an opposite conclusion. Once the slow-witted Trade Union leaders had been persuaded of the truth of crude nineteenth century Socialism, nothing would induce them to develop or alter their beliefs at all. The result is, I am informed by Socialist friends, that from a Socialist point of view the English Labour Party is intellectually the most backward and unprogressive in Europe. The unrelenting parochialism of the T.U.C. has forbidden the development of a national policy in keeping with modern

Socialist ideas, while the system of seniority indispensable to its respectable traditions has closed the door to youthful energy and aspiration.

It is to be hoped that in the future the illogical paradox will no longer haunt British politics that to be Labour is

to be Socialist, and to be Socialist is simply to belong to a party confined in its interest to industrial workers. Nevertheless so closely have the two elements been associated in the past that it will be long before they are wholly divorced in the future.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH LIBERALISM?

By A TORRY

THE trouble about Liberalism to-day is that it is no longer an idea or a principle, but a *macedoine*.

Eighteenth century Whiggism stood for civil and religious liberty—an intelligible principle which visibly affected history. Nineteenth century Radicalism stood for a root-and-branch reform of social and political abuses: and the old Whig and new Radicalism between them produced Liberalism, a mixture of both. Its official motto was Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform; its unofficial creed may be summarised as Individualism and Free Trade.

None of these objectives was the full truth about society, and none covered the full field of politics or economics. But at least they stood for something tangible that was worth fighting for; and in England at any rate Liberalism was a stronger force than Conservatism during the greater part of the Victorian age.

Towards the close of the nineteenth century, however, the Liberal tide began to ebb, and it has been on the ebb ever since. The reason for this was that the incompleteness of the Liberal philosophy had become evident to Liberals themselves.

Peace is a noble aspiration, but it is necessary to add "*que messieurs les assassins commencent*"; and the Liberal Government of 1906-14 found itself compelled to increase armaments, and finally to declare war on Germany.

Retrenchment, in the sense of economical administration, is essential to a prudently managed State. But the Liberal victories in that field were won by the Peelites, who were converted Tories with the Tory tradition of statecraft; and Mr. Lloyd George's ideas of expenditure were the direct opposite of Mr. Gladstone's principles.

Reform, in the old Whig-Liberal days, meant political reform, and its last manifesto on the grand scale was the Newcastle programme. But with the turn of the century, Reform began to take on a social rather than a political aspect, and Liberalism began to think in terms of Society rather than the individual. The inevitable result was that the individualists began to find unsuspected virtues in the Tory philosophy, and the younger Liberals found that the dividing-line between themselves and the Socialists was wearing thin.

This involved a complete change of mental attitude; and the last anchor that held the new Liberalism to the old was Free Trade. Even that has now begun to drag; *Athanasius contra mundum* may be magnificent, but it is not practical politics.

Where then does Liberalism stand to-day?

It is divided, like Gaul, into three parts, and each points in a different direction. The orthodox Liberal, according to Mr. Lloyd George, is a Free Trader, but these same Free Traders believe in State Socialism, national plans of work, and Government control. All these things may be good; or if not good, may be necessary; but they are not Whiggism, Radicalism, or Liberalism.

The old Liberalism is manifestly dead, and the new Liberalism is a hybrid. Its best defence is that it is a middle party, which protects the nation from the follies and excesses of the Conservatives and Socialists. But in fact the programme of this middle party is a hodge-potch watered-down Conservatism and diluted Socialism, a political Jacob's coat of many colours and different materials; and even in politics there is something to be said for first principles as against expediency and opportunism. Liberalism has fallen between two stools.

A SATURDAY DICTIONARY

INFLATION

IN the old days a shortage of currency appears to have been dealt with by the simple method of clipping the coinage. Presumably the currency difficulty was thereby cured, but the economic problem must have been aggravated, for the effect can only have been to raise prices. Such was the mediæval system of inflation.

In modern times paper money has largely been substituted for gold, and to some extent for silver; in Germany there was even a cardboard currency during the inflation crisis a few years ago which temporarily replaced nickel. Paper money, of course, is unlike coinage, in that it has no real intrinsic value; its sole backing is the credit of the Government which manufactures it.

But the credit of a Government, like that of the nation of which the Government is the head, is no more

unlimited than that of an individual; and if it prints too much paper money—in other words, if it promises to pay more than it has the means of paying—then the accepted value of the paper money, as of the clipped coinage, is less than the face value. More of it must be given to obtain goods in the open market, and in extreme cases it will not be accepted at all.

The result is that modern inflation crises are easier to bring about, since the printing machine operates more rapidly than a pair of shears. They also produce more deplorable results, since prices may rise to fantastic heights, and in the long run confidence in the paper money may be so completely lost that the whole issue has to be withdrawn and a fresh series, backed by proper safeguards, introduced.

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

SHOULD UNIFORM BE COMPULSORY?

YES, BY ERNEST FAIRBURN

EVER since custom or climatic conditions decreed that man should cover his body, clothes have been the root of far more evil than even money.

Clothes give man an opportunity to parade his inordinate vanity. They enable the rich man to set a standard of self-adornment which bankrupts the poor man who is torn between the Scylla of keeping up appearances and the Charybdis of an acute inferiority complex. Clothes intensify snobbishness, class hatred, and racial antagonism—they do more to retard real progress than the combined efforts of all the cranks and reformers.

If a nation preserves a "national costume" it is an infallible sign that it is still sunk in the mental sloth of a bygone era. In every community it is the peasants—the most illiterate section of the community—who cling most doggedly to the raiment that makes them figures of fun in a work-a-day world. China did not emerge from the sleep of a thousand years until she discarded her robes and pigtailed. Gandhi's greatest handicap is that the only thing most of the world knows about him is the fact that he wears a loin cloth.

We point with pride to the achievements of civilisation yet we still display the same craving for bodily ornamentation that induces the savage to walk proudly abroad wearing nothing but a top hat on his head and linen cuffs round his ankles. True, we are slightly more subtle in our adornments, but we still reveal an unhealthy anxiety regarding the number of buttons on a waistcoat, or whether spats are being "worn" this season.

We are permitted to occupy this earth for a trifling period of some seventy years. Yet we fritter away valuable hours with our preoccupation in clothes, and with putting on and taking off garments that appear to have been designed for the express purpose of offering the maximum resistance to these essential actions.

Clothes we must have, for the sake of warmth and decency. They must impart a smart appearance, otherwise we would lose our self-respect. The entire outfit should be designed to facilitate quick removal. The cloth should be of durable material to avoid too frequent replacements. The colour should not too easily reveal marks and stains. In other words, a simple, workmanlike uniform is needed.

At present we are progressing towards such a uniform by the slow and blundering process of evolution. In men's clothes the process is in a state of stagnation which is more than compensated for by the frenzied activity of the female of the species. We pretend to laugh at the idea of a standard dress, and then proceed to adopt one for social and ceremonial purposes, for naval and military requirements and for our sports and recreations. One day it will occur to some Heaven-sent genius that it would be quite a simple matter to have one dress for all these purposes instead of an endless multiplicity of forms and conventions, and then the world will scratch its head and look foolish and ask why someone did not think of it before.

NO, BY SYDNEY BARWELL

ONE day we shall all wear uniforms. We shall all be nicely tabulated and recorded and swathed in red tape and we shall be as like as peas in a pod. There will be no trouble for the Civil Servants who rule us, because we shall all do as we are told and obey every fresh order and regulation that is conceived by the Robot-minds of Whitehall. We shall rise at the appointed time in the morning, eat the official breakfast, catch the correct train or tram, perform the allotted task during our day's work and in the evening attend those amusements which are duly decreed by authority. And all sensible people devoutly hope they will be dead before this pleasant state of affairs came to pass.

Rulers always wish their subjects to be exactly alike, and subjects invariably rebel against well-meant efforts to pour them into a common mould. It is so much less exhausting to control a State that obeys every command with military precision and never dreams of disputing the wisdom of an order. The first and most important effect of a uniform is to crush individuality, and that is why whenever men are banded together under a leader the initial step is to get everyone to dress alike. Once that is done, their brains automatically begin to function on exactly parallel lines, and that naturally eliminates any kind of argument.

The most perfect living specimens of single-track minds can always be found amongst the uniformed classes. The military brain, for example, is a remarkable illustration of the way physical life can persist long after mental death has taken place. The medical profession remained actively suspicious of such innovations as ventilation and hygiene until it discarded its top hat and frock coat and dressed like its patients.

The appalling effects of uniform on human nature are too well known to need further elaboration, yet it is seriously suggested in some quarters that every trade and profession should be known by a distinctive uniform. Unless a large and flourishing Government department was appointed to do nothing but design uniforms all day long, there would have to be some pretty general lumping together. Could there, for instance, be one uniform for a sub-editor, one for a reporter, and a third for a writer of short stories? Obviously not, as if this were done in every trade there would be so many variations of the standard garment that it would cease to be a uniform.

The universal adoption of a uniform would mean that the machine has definitely assumed domination over the man. The salvation of civilisation lies not in the uniformity but in originality. Already the deadening effect of millions of lounge suits and soft hats has produced the apathy which allows starvation and unemployment in the midst of the greatest potential riches the world has ever known, yet people talk of making man more machine-like than ever by turning him into an exact replica of his neighbour. When that day dawns he will only work and stop at the blare of a siren.

A MEMORY OF IRELAND

IV—THIS WAY TO CASHEL OF THE KINGS

BY LYLE DONAGHY

WE were not certain, starting from Tipperary Town, in what direction we would move first, but Cashel was in our minds. It was said that there were still some Irregulars holding out in Tipperary County and that a number of these were hidden in the Vale of Aherlow. Gavan would have liked very much to come across them, and anyway we were keen on seeing Aherlow, so we went there first.

A moderate walk brought us to the foot of a wooded slope, above and beyond which lay the Vale. As the slope was fairly steep, we clambered up a rock-stepped gully, the stream that normally courses down it being almost dry. Gavan led the way and I followed as best I might, but such was his enthusiasm upon occasions of this kind that I had often great difficulty to keep him in sight. By calling upon every reserve of energy, however, I reached the top of the chimney immediately after him, at a spot just below the summit. The night was begun when we got there, and it was obvious that even if we proceeded to the brow of the hill we would see little of Aherlow. We decided, therefore, to make our bed under the pines. Collecting, first a heap of resinous pine needles we spread them out as a mattress. It would possibly be cold but the rise of the clay damp would be impeded by it. A few dried brackens over these were the best we could do before it was quite dark, so, spreading one coat over the mattress and using another for a blanket, we lay down to sleep.

About midnight a bird in the crown of a pine began a curious music that was half a piping, half a croaking, and wholly monotonous. We listened to it with great interest for a while, until it became apparent that the sound was not conducive to slumber. When I saw that Gavan wished the bird far enough, I had got the better of my own discontent by playing upon his, making such jocular remarks about the music as I could think of. It was one of those occasions when he who laughs first generally continues laughing. This time the luck was mine, so the more annoyed Gavan became with the musician, the more amused and delighted I became with the whole situation, the heartier were my efforts at humour, and as a result the more ferocious was his response. I had decided by this time that the bird was a nightjar, though I have never heard one anywhere else in Ireland. The nightjar suggested to me that the bird was crooning, a fact which I did not fail to impress a dozen times upon my bed mate, wondering whether he did not find the repetitive element in the bird's song a help to put him over, but the lullaby did anything but soothe him.

Fortunately for me, we were all three of us, Gavan, myself and the nightjar, asleep in spite of ourselves about three o'clock. The nightjar, however, could evidently do with a small ration of sleep, and in short, appeared to be a dayjar as well, for he took the repeat cue for his bar from the sun about half past four or five o'clock. Once again it was my inestimably previous privilege to be the first awake and to observe, under excellent conditions, some of the symptoms of prematurely disturbed slumber. Very slowly Gavan

turned upon his side, and then raised himself upon his elbow and directed his eye unerringly to the spot where the bird had sat last night and sat again this morning. Lest he should steal a march on me by relieving his feelings first, I hastened to avert to the anodinous value of a nightjar's jarring, which had been substantially proved the night before, but so terrible was the effect upon him that I did not venture any further remarks until I was sure that he was well awake and therefore more in possession of himself. This, thanks to the sustained efforts of the bird, was not long. About six o'clock when I was ready myself to drop off to sleep again, I was aroused from my half slumber by the totally inconsiderate removal of our counterpane and the fall of pine needles—of our mattress, in fact, which had been spurned vertically upward as by the heel of an angry bull. Making the best of it, I got to my feet and we both of us thanked the bird that had enabled us to see the sun rise over the Vale of Aherlow.

On the way we met a vagrant, a great, burly fellow with a growth of beard and green clothes that might have been black in their day. He had a donkey pulling a cart stacked high with empty bottles, from whence we thought the effluvia might have proceeded which so offended our nostrils at his approach. As he came into view around the bend, a shaft broke under the weight of the bottles and owing to the donkey choosing that moment to drop his hunkers, the whole cart declined forwards to the great detriment of the bottles. Half of them were strewn over the road, a quarter being broken or cracked. I leave out all the man said, as its bearing on the situation was not very clear. In the kindness of our hearts we assisted him to lift the bottles on to the cart again, but as he showed no gratitude and commanded us besides to go back two or three miles for a piece of timber that he might mend the shaft, we found our attitude towards him altered, and by this time blaming the bottles less for our olfactory discomfort, left him to his own devices.

It was no doubt, a sense of the contrast between this episode and the romantic goal of our journey, that caused Gavan to make a mock-heroic gesture and exclaim as we turned the corner. "This way to Cashel of the Kings!"

Cashel is a rock upon a rock. As one climbs the stair in its walls, one has hardly any feeling of a less solidity in its masonry, while the device does away with the necessity to break up the lines of the edifice with accessory structures. The rich detail of Cormac's chapel contrasts with the simplicity of the main cathedral building, but owing partly to the severity of the material and partly to the perfect subordination of the part to the whole, there is rather an increase of austerity than otherwise.

There is no dejection about Cashel as about the ruined Norman Abbeys. Though so much older, it inspires no feeling of the irrevocability of time. Its magnificence impresses more than its decay. Cashel is of the past, and not of the past. It represents an architectural stem that had not yet completed its growth, and as such it is, for me, a symbol of the Gaelic future.

THE CITY OF UNREST

BY PETER RENNELL RODD

AT the bend where the Rhine swings north to become the boundary between Germany and France, stands an ancient city which has become a kind of clearing house for tourists. Through it pass each year representatives of almost all the races in the world. It is Basle, a smug detached little Swiss city, so detached that even the countryside which once depended on it has seceded and formed a separate republic within the Swiss confederation.

The streets are clean and tidy and breathe an atmosphere of protestant prosperity. There is, as of course there should be, an old world quarter with "quaint" seventeenth century houses crowned with a pink cathedral which, for centuries now bishopless, stands on a bluff dominating the muddy swift flowing river.

From the middle ages till the eighteenth century it was a city of merchants and banking houses, which found security in this haven of peace untouched by the wars which devastated Europe, and they have left the stamp of their success and their self-satisfaction on the architecture of the town.

With the rise of modern industry and commerce, their importance waned and Basle came to be remembered by the world outside mainly as a station on the way to winter resorts and the home of a particularly militant African mission.

Now once again the eyes of the world are turned on Basle. Like a bolt from the blue the Bank of International Settlements has descended into the city of bankers and the fate of nations is weighed in the insignificant little building which houses Mr. Norman, the so-called mystery man, the Governors of the Bank of France and of the Reichsbank come and go, there is talk of crisis and crashes, of credits and of conferences.

The financial giants of the world swoop down on giant wings to the aerodrome at Birsfelden and are swung out again by the roaring engines to Warsaw and Vienna, Brussels and Berlin. Millions are lent and withdrawn, ministers of finance tremble at its sentence, but if a little

petty cash is needed the porter has to be sent out with a cheque to a real bank round the corner, because there is no money as ordinary people know it in the Bank of International Settlements, there are only millions and they are only scribbled on a memorandum sheet.

But if Governments tremble at the word of the board and whole nations are told like undergraduates that they must not overspend their incomes, Basle itself does not turn a hair. The stolid worthy Basilians have forgotten if ever they knew that they have this giant in their midst. They are not concerned with the insolvency of great nations. Their budget last year allowed for the enlargement of the municipal swimming bath.

If foreigners choose to get themselves into trouble, let them come here by all means to straighten it out, there is no need for respectable grown up republics like Basle to get excited about it; Basle is never likely to need their advice or help.

A stones throw away are the great forts of the French border watching with grim suspicion for a menace from the east. At the end of No. 6 tram route the factions of Germany are struggling with propaganda and murder for Dominion in the Reich, but in the gothic Rathaus even the communists are only debating the next date when the seats in the parks should be painted, and in the quiet orderly streets there is no hint of a disturbed world outside.

Once a week the Indian and Australian mail calls outward bound and homewards and soon the Cape mail will halt on its way, but they will never lift with them on their wings the humdrum spirit of the stolid city which remains a pedestrian of its self-satisfied pavements. As an antidote to the nervous rackets of Europe, Basle cannot be surpassed, and it was perhaps by a lucky chance that the harassed bankers of Europe made their home there. As a practical illustration of the material advantages of efficient democracy it is a lesson to the world, and it's citizens paragons of civic virtue; but as an interesting and stimulating environment, it compares favourably with any grave.

SHINING ARMOUR

BY ANNE ARMSTRONG

" . . . and I see a very great happiness for you . . . but you will have to stretch out your hands for it . . . or it will pass you by . . ." And the old face leered into the young one beside her.

Paula's eyes were very bright as she bade the old woman good-night.

"That you so much. It's wonderful having found you, Mrs. Leary. When may I come again?"

"Leave it for a week, dearie, and by then I shall be able to tell you some more. You're a lucky one, or my old man's name wasn't Leary. That'll

be two guineas, if you please Missy"

Paula paid her money and there was a glad little song in her heart. How ridiculously cheap it was to be told wonderful glad things about yourself for two guineas. And things you felt were true, too. She wouldn't tell her mother about Mrs. Leary, she decided as she hurried home, she would scoff at her and Paula knew it would hurt to be scoffed at when she knew that the old woman wasn't a fraud. After all she had told her things that had happened to her during the last few months, things that the old lady couldn't possibly have known or

found out. And Philip . . . Paula knew with a cold little feeling inside her that Philip would laugh if she told him about Mrs. Leary. But the thought of Philip sobered her. She would have to find a way to tell Philip. Not to tell him would be to disregard absolutely Mrs. Leary's advice.

"Give up the fair young man, Missy. He won't make you happy. But there's a dark man coming into your life. He is older than you but he is going to give you life . . . adventure . . . love . . ."

There wasn't any doubt about the advice. It said as clearly as if it had been written down in black and white, "Give up Philip and when Beverley asks you, say yes!"

Philip was with her mother when she got in.

"We've been worried about you, Paula. It's late, darling. Where have you been?"

"I've been having tea with Betty Drake, mother. She is in town, and we stayed talking over our tea."

She kissed Philip—a desultory sort of kiss—and all the time the little voice inside her was asking, "How shall I tell Philip, oh, how shall I tell Philip?"

She told him that night at the restaurant. Told him bravely. Whatever else Paula was, she wasn't a coward. She looked across at him and wondered how much it was going to hurt him.

"Philip," she began, "it's about our engagement . . . I want to break it . . ." and her voice faltered.

Philip stared at her and said nothing. Paula didn't see the hands clenched below the table. She only saw the little frown puckering his forehead. How different from Beverley, she thought, he wouldn't want to marry me in this half-hearted sort of manner . . . he would take me outside and beat me till I said Yes.

She looked round the crowded restaurant. They were spending such a typical evening. Typical of Philip and the evenings she spent with him. Nice respectable restaurant in a nice respectable neighbourhood. If only Philip didn't always take her to such ordinary, respectable places. Beverley didn't. But then Beverley was a very different sort of person to Philip. Beverley said clever things, took her to queer parties, introduced her to "smart" people. Smart people who asked you for a cocktail at five o'clock and the next thing you knew you were letting yourself into the house at breakfast time. Her people were being difficult about Beverley, but the old woman had warned her about that and told her that she must stretch out her hands to find her happiness; . . . well, she *was* stretching out her hands now.

* * * *

Paula going over the whole thing in her room that night admitted to herself that Philip had taken it rather badly. He hadn't said very much but he had gone very white. It was hard on Philip to be engaged for three years and then to have it suddenly broken off, and if she hadn't met Beverley she would have married Philip. After all they had got on very well together till now. But to marry Philip when she knew Beverley was unthinkable. It would be like eating rice pudding when she had only to stretch out her hand to have lovely excit-

ing things to eat, things she hadn't known existed before. To be quite frank, she knew she hadn't felt quite sure about Beverley until Mrs. Leary had reassured her. But if she could be so right about her past it seemed only natural to believe that she would be right about her future. If Beverley did ask her to marry him, and she thought he would, Paula knew she would say yes; and if her mother didn't approve, then she would run away with him.

She saw Beverley the next day and before they parted he had asked her to marry him.

They were having tea together in the little underground club that Beverley knew about. Paula had been faintly disgusted when he had first taken her there but as he had pointed out it was the twentieth century and one really didn't mind that sort of thing anymore. So Beverley often took Paula to his little underground tea room and the sight of a waitress perched on the knee of a customer, generally rather a disgusting sort of customer, had ceased to offend her.

"How's the boy friend, Beautiful?"

Paula nibbled a caviare sandwich and smiled up at him.

"I finished with him this morning, Beverley."

And then he wanted to know all about it so she told him. Told him of the visit to the old fortune-teller and tried to look mysterious.

"I went to that old lady you told me about Beverley, and the things she told me made me give up Philip."

And Beverley saw his opportunity and took it. And that night when Paula let herself in and crept past her mother's door, she had promised to marry Beverley. And she had promised she would marry him quickly.

Married to Beverley! It really sounded wonderful—and Paula gave a proud little shake of her head as she thought of the numbers of Beverley's set who would be jealous. But she was the one he loved and wanted. He loved her so much that he couldn't wait for her, so they were to be married in a week. He had been adorable about his lack of patience.

"Don't let's have crowds of people staring at us, Beautiful. Just you and me—together—we'll run away and have our wonderful romance all to ourselves. I should hate other men to be there even. I want to feast my eyes on you and have you all to myself until our first night together . . ."

And Paula's cheeks were dyed a dark rose as she remembered the look in his eyes. It was wonderful that he should love her as much as all that. Philip would not have wanted a secret wedding—he wouldn't have minded sharing the sight of her with all the other men who would be at a big wedding.

And so Paula went to sleep and dreamt of a shining Knight in armour, a Galahad who was true . . . and brave . . . and tender . . .

* * * *

And Beverley Norton was writing to Mrs. Leary.

"That old girl's been dam' useful—and she has more than earned her money this time . . .," and he chuckled as he slipped a five pound note into the envelope.

FILMS BY MARK FORREST

Privates Lives. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The Empire.

Warning Shadows. Directed by Arthur Robison. The Academy.

Over the Hill. Directed by Henry King. The Capitol.

Larceny Lane. Directed by Roy del Ruth. The London Pavilion.

A CORRESPONDENT took me to task a week or so ago and asked whether I ever enjoyed myself at a cinema, because it did not seem to him as though I did. If I have given the impression that "my liver is in a ferment, burning with gall, not to be restrained," I am contrite; for the opposite is truly the case. I enjoy the cinema, I always have, but such enjoyment is often somewhat blunted for me by the knowledge that keen as it is, it might be so much keener, if only—!

The first of the great conditionals is, if only those in control of the cinema industry would one and all cease to bother about the theatre. Whenever a new play comes out they stand around with their tongues hanging out, hoping that they can make a film of it; what they ought to be doing is approaching authors and asking them to write something especially for the screen. The second great conditional is, if only such authors when they have been approached would cease to imagine that any old thing will do for the pictures.

Hollywood has made praiseworthy efforts to acquire original work from authors, but the latter have not always responded by giving of their very best or, if what they have delivered is the best they can do, then they are incapable of working in the new medium. Over here we have, so far, been content to rely almost entirely upon work which has been acclaimed in another sphere.

Some such thoughts as these came into my head when I paid a visit to "Private Lives," which opened with "a crowded hour of glorious life" at midnight last Thursday at the Empire. I laughed a great deal at this picture and I have no doubt that the majority of people will do the same, but how much better the play was! There lies the rub and one must make the comparison because the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company by buying a play, which stands or falls upon its dialogue, have deliberately chosen to match its resources against those of the stage.

The camera faithfully records Mr. Coward's lines and, with the exception of a few Alpine scenes, his settings, so for those who saw the play nothing is left to bite upon except the question of the acting. Is Norma Shearer in the picture as good as Gertrude Lawrence in the play? Is Robert Montgomery as good as Mr. Coward? Emphatically no; but once again there should be no comparison, and there would not be if the cinema magnates had not challenged the theatre on its own ground. Those, however, who have not seen the play, should view its shadow at the Empire, and enjoy it, and, without the performance of Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Coward by which to measure the statures of Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery, should be satisfied.

How far the cinema has followed puffing behind the train of the theatre can be readily seen if, after seeing "Private Lives," you renew your acquaintance with "Warning Shadows," which the Academy management is reviving this week. This fantastic picture so magnificently photographed by Fritz Wagner, first appeared in 1922 and, though it is not a landmark in the history of the screen as is "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," it will always remain an outstanding picture, remarkable for many things, but especially for the entire absence of subtitles which were the bane of the silent films. The cutting of a picture is one of the most important branches of the art of making one—a fact which is only being very slowly realized over here judging from results—and to succeed in keeping an even, continuous flow, as Mr. Robison does in "Warning Shadows," is to produce a great film.

The difficulties of the Board of Film Censors are very real ones, and films, such as "Larceny Lane," which is at the London Pavilion this week, must cause them to think furiously. It is true that James Cagney does eventually find a billet behind the bars, but he does not arrive there from his own depredations so much as from being "double crossed" by the supposedly nice young man. As the Duchess remarked to Alice, "everything's got a moral, if only you can find it," and the moral in "Larceny Lane" appears to be that the quicker you turn crooked, the faster you'll get on.

The gay impudence of James Cagney's manœuvres, however, allow one to forget the implications of the story, and his wickedness and its rewards are refreshing when one has just seen another picture which I am sure the self-appointed board of censors in Beckenham will pass with a fluttering of handkerchiefs and a fanfare of nose blowings. This latter is our old friend, "Over the Hill," which is lodged at the Capitol.

A lady, who arrived late, took out her handkerchief almost before she had taken her seat, and I left her enjoying herself most tremendously. In this picture, as I expect you will remember, mother love and its reward form the theme. Four children, three boys and a girl, are born to Mae Marsh, and we watch them grow from school age to manhood, while she, rather than her husband, keeps the home together. When the time comes for them to go out into the world, the eldest boy, Isaac, fulfils our worst anticipations by becoming a psalm-singing hypocrite. Tommy becomes an artist, migrates to New York, and marries a wanton; the daughter marries a butcher and goes where the meat hangs high, and only Tommy, the wild one, and the mother's favourite, remains. James Dunn makes a very attractive young man of him, and Sally Eilers, the local belle, makes an equally attractive young lady for him. The death of the father, makes the mother dependent upon her three children for a roof and one by one, as the butcher remarks, "They pass the buck." Tommy himself goes on a mining expedition, but he sends money to Isaac to keep his mother. Isaac, who is eventually left with "the buck," gets out of the difficulty by sending his mother to the workhouse, and there Tommy finds her on his triumphant return. Isaac is dragged through the village until there is no seat left to his trousers and the little old woman finds happiness in the home of James Dunn and Sally Eilers, who at last get married. The nice and familiar moral to all this is "virtue gets its own reward."

THEATRE BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

"Helen!" An Opera Bouffe, based on "La Belle Helene." Written by A. P. Herbert. Music by Offenbach. Adelphi.

"Helen." By A. P. Herbert. Methuen. 2s. 6d

The Dark Saint. By Francois de Curel. Adapted by Barbara Ling. Fortune.

IN the first place, what exactly is "Helen!"? To describe it simply as an "opera bouffe" is not very helpful to contemporary theatre-goers. Well, as I do not think I can improve on it, I will quote from Nuttall's Encyclopædia, where an opera bouffe is defined as "an opera in an extravagant burlesque style, with characters, music and other accompaniments to match." The most important word here is burlesque, which connotes two qualities: a satirical purpose and a broadly comic method. And now I think we are near to answering the question: what is "Helen!"? It is a musical farce, in which Something is held up to ridicule. It only remains to tell you what that Something is; or rather, what those Somethings are. For there are two of them.

The first is Ancient (or Classical) Greece, the second is the Modern World; and the twain are blended into one by the simple process of reducing the Heroic figures of the Trojan legend to human proportions, and then identifying them with their equivalents in contemporary life. Thus, Paris, having "stolen" Helen from her husband Menelaus, and thereby caused the Trojan War, is discovered, in Mr. A. P. Herbert's new third act, with a "cushy" staff-job and so utterly unheroic that his brother Hector is provoked to remark that "if the fellers that started wars had to do all the fighting, there might be a startling outbreak of peace." Thus, too, Menelaus, King of Sparta, is at first depicted as a hen-pecked husband, but later is identified with England—as we fully appreciate when his "doom" is pronounced by Juno and Mercury. "You Spartans have not been wicked—you have been stupid, which is worse. You shall remain stupid, and be considered cunning. You shall spread Liberty, but have none at home. . . . You shall not kiss without a license, or fall in love without an Act of Parliament. You shall not drink wine between sunset and moonrise, unless at the same time you devour a substantial ham-sandwich!"

Helen herself is simply a cynic's portrait of Everywoman. Married to dull old Menelaus, she elopes with dashing young Prince Paris; ten years later, weary of Paris, she makes Menelaus take her home to Sparta.

And so with all the other Heroes, so also with the Gods—and Goddesses—of legendary Greece, all are stripped of their romantic glamour and displayed as either commonplace or charlatan or ludicrous.

Fully to appreciate this cynical iconoclasm, it is necessary to have had (what those who make their living out of it, still call) the "advantages" of a classical education. But the truth is, in the piece at the Adelphi, the satire, both classical and contemporary, is swamped beneath the music and the spectacle. Such comedy as reaches us, comes over with its fangs removed. Much of it, indeed, is simple and straightforward non-

sense; and no doubt Mr. Herbert, mindful of our national ignorance of ancient Greece and our national dislike of satire, deliberately confined his jesting to comparatively simple topics. And thus it is a matter of less consequence than it might otherwise have been, that much of Mr. Herbert's "book" is so imperfectly articulated, that until you have purchased and perused the published text (which I strongly advise you to do) you are inclined to wonder why Mr. Cochran chose so venomous a wit to do the adaptation. Mr. Cochran is no stinter; his reputation and success have been due very largely to his proud, if squandermaniac, belief, that only the very best obtainable is good enough to be associated with a "Cochran show."

It is the "music and other accompaniments" which will fill the Adelphi for some months to come. How pleasant to hear Offenbach's melodious tunes, instead of syncopated Anglo-Saxophone cacophonies! How charming to see Mr. Messel's cool and cultured decoration, instead of crude vulgarity! And how stimulating also was our knowledge that Herr Reinhardt had directed this vivacious, if not altogether homogeneous production! And then there was the irresistible and dominating comic personality of Mr. Robey and the ever-cheerful comicalities of Mr. Berry, and the beauty of Miss Evelyn Laye as Helen, and that witty stylist Mr. Hay Petrie (than whom nobody was more "at home" in this peculiar play).

Oh indeed, yes, there is much to enchant, and not a little to amuse, in "Helen!" And if only Mr. Cochran can impress upon his leading lady how essential it is, in a work of this description, to do something more with her songs than make them pleasant but meaningless sounds; if he can convince her of the witty phrasing and satirical intention of the lyrics, and persuade her to "point," or even to articulate them—well, I won't say more than that the entertainment will be even more enjoyable.

"The Dark Saint" is a drab and humourless study of an over-sexed and sex-starved spinster in a French provincial town. It was written at a time when the younger generation of French playwrights took the drama with heroic intellectual earnestness and a stern contempt for its merely "entertaining" qualities. It is therefore unlikely that this adaptation will be profitable commercially. As a warning against continence as a remedy for broken hearts, against convents as a refuge from the flesh, against soulful friendships with young daughters as a means of vengeance on their mothers, and generally against artificial goodness as a substitute for natural sinfulness, M. de Curel's play may possibly, some forty years ago, have had tractarian uses. But to-day, in this land of cynical amorality and sophisticated paganism, it is interesting only for the opportunities it gives for spiritual histrionics; and frankly, for my part, I quickly passed from admiration for the art of Miss Sybil Thorndike to a state of melancholy coma. Still, I was sufficiently awake to realise that Miss May Agate was, as usual, giving, very quietly and unobtrusively, a perfect little portrait of provincial Frenchness; and I sat up and took notice when the drabness was momentarily enlivened by the pert young *mondaine* of Miss Miriam Adams, and again in the third act when Miss Catherine Lacey told the Dark Saint some disturbing truths about herself.

CORRESPONDENCE

IS ART INTERNATIONAL?

SIR,—As the basis of the present controversy is the manifesto issued by the Incorporated Society of Musicians, will you allow me to say that the point as to the proper taxation of foreign artists was raised because there was formerly much evasion. No extra taxation was proposed. The other, much misunderstood point, is that this responsible body, with a membership of over 3,700, never proposed to exclude foreign artists of acknowledged international reputation: only (and this as a temporary measure to meet extreme hardship) that where a British artist can do the work as well as a foreigner, he should for the present have preference. There never has been reciprocity abroad: the number of British musicians employed there has always been small; the number of foreigners here, large. Musicians are by nature Free Traders; but up to now they have done nearly all the giving, and little of the getting. If the foreigner chooses to retaliate, we shall see who comes off best; but we all dislike the necessity (as we see it) of taking any step that interferes with Free Trade. We never have had Free Trade in art, and anyone who thinks we have cannot know the musical profession from the inside. Foreigners' fees have been often absurdly high for mediocre service.

There is still much snobbery. We know that its eradication must be slow work, but we hope for the support of our fellow business men in our attempt to make our business sound. If anyone is staggered that musicians should be business men at all, I am afraid one can do nothing for him. Art without a business backing is a parasitic growth. Art comes first—and musicians cheerfully invite anyone's investigation of their record in that; but if they can prevent more of their countrymen coming upon the dole, are they not doing a good work? That is all they want to do.

London.

W. R. ANDERSON.

A TENNYSON PUZZLE?

SIR,—You say in your last issue that the claims to be the original of "the long unlovely street" of "In Memoriam" are fairly evenly divided. I do not see how there can be any doubt. "In Memoriam" appeared as long ago as 1905, "annotated by the Author." He surely knew what house and street he intended, and the note to the passage runs:—

67 Wimpole Street [the house of the historian Henry Hallam. A. H. H. used to say, "You will always find us at sixes and sevens." C.f. cxix.—Ed.]

The Editor was Tennyson's son, who lived in special intimacy with him and repeated this note in the authoritative Eversley Edition of Tennyson's works, described on the title-page as annotated by the poet and edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson.

George H. Cunningham, in his "London," 1927, identifies this No. 67 as Henry Hallam's house with details of the years when he occupied it. Tennyson used to

smoke in Hallam's den at the top of the house; see the Memoir by his son, 1897, I, 83.

How can the supporters of any other street evade this clear testimony? The curious thing is that they should miss it before bursting into print on the subject.

VERNON RENDALL

PRISON REFORM

SIR,—It is at present too early to express any view as to the immediate causes of the Dartmoor outbreak. But the assumption that it provides an argument against prison reform and the "sentimentalists" (as you call them) who support it, is surely based on ignorance. The object of these "sentimentalists" is severely practical, since they aim at prison reform which will help to reform the prisoners as well as the prison. It is not a matter of theory or of sentiment, but of actual practical experience, that such innovations as the introduction of outside visitors and of regular classes have a markedly good effect on the behaviour and character of the prisoners. Constructive reform of this kind has not failed at Dartmoor; it has scarcely been tried. I understand that only about a third of the total number of inmates have received visits from unofficial visitors or attended classes.

Stagnation and idleness of body and mind are the curse of Dartmoor. The men spend from 18 to 19 hours a day in their cells, the cell task is a joke, and on wet or foggy days, which are frequent, the men of the outdoor parties lounge about powdering stone with hammers or listlessly pulling over the fibre of old mattresses. Prison reformers do not ask that prisoners should be made more comfortable but that they should be given the chance of healthy activity for body and mind.

CICELY M. CRAVEN, Hon. Secretary.

The Howard League for Penal Reform.

ROAD v. RAIL

SIR,—The Railway Companies of Great Britain have given wide publicity to a statement of the railway case which they recently placed before the Minister of Transport. It is important to remember that this is a purely *ex parte* statement and contains figures and suggests conclusions with which no independent authority, who has studied transport conditions from a national point of view, would agree.

On February 8th a Joint Paper prepared at the request of the Institute of Transport by the Director of the British Motor Manufacturers organisation (Colonel A. Hacking) and the Chairman of the Roads Improvement Association (Mr. Rees Jeffreys) will be read, discussing the problem of Road Finance in relation to Railway Finance.

At this meeting, which will be attended by experts interested both in roads and railways, the figures given can be checked by the conclusions drawn from them critically analysed.

It appears to this Association that this is a better way of informing the Government and the public on the finance of Transport than the method selected by the Railway Companies.

WALLACE E. RICHE, General Secretary.

Roads Improvement Association.

MIDDLE CLASS MENTALITY

SIR,—The Middle Class complain that the Proletariat enjoy advantages which they are denied. This position, however, is of comparatively recent growth. In the Eighties the rate of wages for adult labour in the Rural Areas was about 9s. weekly, while a casual labourer in a town could command 26s. The War placed quite a different complexion on wages and social services both in town and country. In 1919 the agricultural labourer could command 46s. weekly, while a casual town worker could earn over £3.

The unfortunate Middle Class have, however, remained with few exceptions practically stationary. The Legal Profession since the War (thanks to their influence with Parliament) were the first to benefit with a 33 per cent. increase in charges. Teachers also have had substantial rises, but apart from these the bulk of the Middle Class have enjoyed no increase.

The difficulty is that social status prevents the Middle Class from accepting benefits eagerly welcomed by the Working Class, e.g., "Free Education," "Hospital Treatment," "Unemployment Insurance," "Widows Pensions," etc. It would redound to the credit of the Middle Class, however, if they would show a little more toleration for the Proletariat, who are only now able to enjoy advantages long overdue.

OWEN HOWARD OWEN.

DOUBTFUL FILMS

SIR,—Mr. Canning-Saunders accuses the English Public of childishness. We must, he says, throw aside our false values and learn to know ourselves. Anything more childish than this it would be difficult to imagine. Does he think that "Sex" has come into life for the first time? The whole history of civilisation shows a perpetual fight against this and other forms of licence. His point of view is an apt example of "modernism" which is a gospel of the inexperienced for the inexperienced. Hollywood is one of its many temples and the commercial-minded are its priests. It is the gospel-making exhibition of what should be inhibition. The modernists find expression a line of less resistance than repression and they let themselves go. The commercial-minded encourage and flourish upon this readiness and so the vicious circle is formed.

As for films being the first to recognise the part played in life by sex, any who hold that opinion must be either very young or very unread. F. C. TILNEY.

BUYING BRITISH

SIR,—With reference to the final paragraph of Mr. J. C. Bryan's letter on "Buying British," which appeared in the "Saturday Review" of the 6th instant, it was stated in the financial columns of a London daily newspaper that one of the reasons for a recent fall in the exchange value of sterling, was the heavy seasonal purchase of tobacco from the United States.

With Canada, Nyassaland, Rhodesia, South Africa, Burma, Borneo and India to draw upon for tobacco of all kinds with the exception of Havana cigars and Egyptian (Anatolian or Turkish) cigarettes, why should British money go elsewhere?

Levanto, Italy.

G. H. LUDOLF.

NEW NOVELS BY H. C. HARWOOD

Evensong. By Beverley Nichols. Cape. 7s. 6d.

The Pavilion of Honour. By George Preedy. Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

In England Now. By Hans Duffy. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Unseasoned Timber. By Douglas Boot. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.

Pandora's Box. By Stephen McKenna. Ward, Lock. 7s. 6d.

John Peel. By J. M. Denwood. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

AN unpleasant lady said in the train: "England, where no prima donna is taken seriously until she's wheeled on to the platform of the Albert Hall in a bath chair, to sing to a forest of ear trumpets"; and she said nastier things still about Irela until the quiet girl in the corner of the railway compartment, Irela's niece, asked her to stop. But beauty, unlike old soldiers, should die, not fade away. Unfortunately England likes age, and so Irela at sixty, though her lovely soprano was failing her, could still present another Farewell, could still excite the elder members of her audience. Money did not matter. She was rich enough, much as she disliked the "income tax man," and closely as she held her purse strings. But she, the Queen of Song, must not abdicate, could not retire while yet there was a chance of giving again the splendid thrill of herself as "Mimi." By some chance or other, the public usually so tender to sexagenarians, preferred the young rival, and everything slipped away but that indomitable assurance given to Irela by forty years of success.

Nothing in Mr. Beverley Nichols's earlier novels prepared one for such a success as "Evensong." Before, he has just been smart and knowing. He now achieves sentiment, which is as necessary to an English novelist as a nervous breakdown to a French. Now, he has written something that will live. He has done what nobody thought of doing before, and done it very well.

The love story is rather weak. It begins with an exchange of glances when the free lance photographer tries to take a snap of Irela, and is apparently confirmed by the desire of Pauline and Donald to be young together. Nothing suggests that this affection is based on anything stronger than an accidental meeting. They love, these two, because they are young and thirsty. Equally unsatisfactory are Mr. Nichols's comments on Victorianism and Edwardianism. After all, anything more like the earlier works of Mr. Robert Hichens I have yet to find. I mean that to be a compliment.

Apart from the silly love story, "Evensong" is excellent, and should impress those whom it is unable to delight.

Mr. Preedy's "The Pavilion of Honour" is neither delightful nor impressive. The life of Claude Alexandre de Bonneval (1675-1747) was in itself variegated enough. He began as a French colonel, and subsequently served the Austrians and the Turks. A traitor to France, and

afterwards a traitor to Christendom, Bonneval deserved rather more attention than he has received from Mr. Preedy. He is frequently weary of course. Everyone is weary, and splits his infinitives as it were for a bet. Everyone is sad. The stars fight against Bonneval. His very amours betray him. And everything is subnormal.

This is not my idea of Bonneval, in short, nor do I believe that Lauszan, the brilliant adventurer, could ever have sunk to such imbecility, but Bonneval's mother is an excellent creation, one of Mr. Preedy's best. If only Mr. Preedy would let his imagination play as freely on his other characters! Bonneval at Venice takes service under the Grand Turk. One quite understands why. Hated in France, ruined in the Empire, that alone remained to him. Still, to fight for Mahomed against fellow-Christians was a—was serious. Mr. Preedy passes it over without explanation. If he were writing a "cloak and sword romance" it might be forgiven. But this is neither Weyman nor Conrad, it is just dreary, and romance begins where Mr. Preedy leaves off.

In five years time Miss Duffy will either be thanking her stars that "In England Now" was pseudonymous, or boasting about it, but probably the former, because it is very juvenile, really it is, the clever-clever work of a quite young thing, and yet the author is likely in the future to discover the weaknesses of her style. She is good enough to be better. She is good enough to see that fiction is not her forte. Out of a welter of sporting stuff emerge the Sidebothames. One of them is in love with Rose who sensibly marries someone else, and another is attracted by Rose's beastly brother who kisses and departs. The atmosphere is thickly county, and Miss Duffy has learnt everything from Miss Theodora Benson but her wit.

The Victorians were so funny about Paterfamilias, and the Edwardians funnier still, and nobody now is frightened of father. Is he not? Mr. Boot introduces us to a certain Peter who was. Peter was frightened, though Father had nothing behind him but an integrity that nobody had ever tried to upset. Poor Father! There came a time when Peter after wringing Clutterbuck's nose went out on his own and was met again when handcuffed he was taken into the police station on a charge of burglary. "Unseasoned Timber" very well represents the small slips whereby an honest lad may, almost escaping his own attention, sink into crime. It is a good tale, interesting. The father is so good that one wishes a little more of him. And the trawler episode is within its limitations perfect.

Mr. McKenna's stories—"Pandora's Box"—are disappointing. One must however except from this judgment "Overheard," which is a very pungent joke, and "A Night to Remember" which contains some cynical humour. The rest do him no credit, if they do him no harm.

It would be so easy to laugh at "John Peel," a dull story told in comically stilted English, that I refrain. It was not Mr. Denwood's fault that his "Red Ike" was chosen as the Book of the Month by the Book Society. Those who enjoyed that will enjoy this too. And, really, I think "John Peel" the better. The sentences are not quite so pompously involved, and the plot is simpler, so that one has the illusion of reading something that almost merited print.

REVIEWS

Five Years Hard. By F. P. Crozier. Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.

THIS is not a convict's memoirs but a British officer's in the early days of Nigerian conquest. At first reading it seems unreal, a literary skit on the mythical retired Colonel, who is supposed to inhabit the military clubs and to leap forth at the sound of a brandy and soda with some glib or ghastly story of bush or frontier fighting or some unseemly yarn against missionaries or the general advice to keep the Empire's flag flying by shooting the beggars, sir, shoot the lot! That's what old Colonel Diehard of the Ninety-Third would have done on the famous campaign when old Sloggers and "Ma" Fitz and "the Slut" and other famous but long deceased warriors were subalterns! But we read this book with a sympathy we do not wish to give it. The Boer War was over and having done in the Dutch Republics, British officers proceeded to smash the Fulani Empire in the Western Sudan. Of their hardships and tropical diseases there can be no doubt. Unpleasantest of all were "brass monkey mornings," when Europeans wake feeling "like a brass monkey in a refrigerator." As for Nigeria "Malaria keeps the pay up; booze makes life possible. Binger makes a bolt for the side and vomits loudly. Poor lad, says the mate, but its damned good for him. No man ever died in this country who could do that twice a day. In the old days they used to have a "catting" parade at 11 and 5 taking the time from the Colonel." This is a very mild quotation.

The officers in the "Waafs" ride ponies, play polo, and apparently buy Fulani girls, who are half as cheap as the ponies. "If an officer has a better horse than another his boy puts on side over the others, and if an officer has brought down a young Fulani girl who pass all others, as the boys say, then his boy rules the roost in the boys' quarters and more than likely shares the Fulani girl with his master although the blithering idiot doesn't know it."

There is an Elizabethan touch about the adventure. "Everything's dangerous in this damned country. The wine, the whisky, the women, the war, malaria, black-water and even the home leave. Why not the polo?" says the Colonel. And so we have the account of a very blood-stained polo-match. The Colonel is of the unbelievable type. Very angry at not getting to South Africa: "but I have had a show each dry season and my usual leave so I can't grouse." Apart from the philosophy of the jungle and the bush, there is seldom such an interesting comment as: "One realizes Biblical metaphors in the Soudan. Africa explains the Old Testament and the New." Missionaries trying to explain it from Oxford and Cambridge commentaries are rather out of place. There seems to have been no Christian charity between officers and missionaries or "those d—d psalm singing —s at home." Crozier tells a story about one missionary, who contracted disease, "a convicted hypocrite. He kept a woman in Africa and a wife in Wales." As he gives the name, the story

becomes history unless the name is a pseudonym. If the story is untrue, the author and publisher should be sharply rapped, but if it is true, who will read it and ever subscribe one sou again to a Foreign Mission! It can only be said that the officers were hard-drinkers, hard-riders, game as the devil and no hypocrites. When one of them got into trouble over a native girl his fellows sang:

"She was a Mallam's daughter,
She lived at Sokoto;
She didn't know what she ought to
Till Bellamy taught her to."

Before the War this book would have caused questions in the House of Commons, indignation meetings of Missionary Societies and libel actions from various persons named, but it is realized that the chief effect of the great War between the Christian Powers was to take the guts out of Christianity. The tragic thing is that Christianity has no kick left, as though its chiefs admitted failure. The Churches of Christendom are about as powerful and influential as the League of Nations. More's the pity. It's the laymen not the padres who have let them down.

Crozier's book shows how much Christianity counted on the Empire's fighting fringes. Here is a typical passage: "We look forward to to-morrow—a fight at last—some slaughter—much fun. I've a bottle of Guinness in my bath. I've saved it to drink at Sokoto." Drink is short and the natives drink the water out of the Maxim guns with the result that the casings melt in action. There is a gruesome photograph of an officer finishing off the dead on the battle-field but with a view to saving them from a worse fate, being torn to pieces by the native carriers for the things they wear. After this we are not sickened by photographs of prisoners before execution for murder or of others laid out for flogging for looting as the passage is countersigned "British Justice."

Really we do not know what to think of this book. It must not be allowed to make a film and it must not be recommended to Parish Libraries. How far the reminiscences after twenty-five years are accurate we cannot say. The one thing to which we object is giving the name of the unhappy missionary after so many years. We remember the case of Father Damien against whom the same accusation was levelled. It is not playing the game, which seems to be the only code of these devil-care conquistadores adventuring as British officers.

As for Crozier—if there was such a person—we ask has this been written round a dummy like Trader Horn with a view to a fantastic film? If there is a real Crozier then let the Military Clubs be combed out for him. Let him be dragged out, for his King and Home Office need him. Let him be sent with full powers and no questions asked to Dartmoor to rule for "five years hard." Then will the people of Devon sleep in their beds with more satisfaction and our nervous and effete Prison Commissioners will not have to sit up at Whitehall of nights. It will be sufficient to say that Jonathan Cape has loaned Crozier to the authorities! But God help the poor prisoners at Dartmoor!

SHANE LESLIE

THE POEMS OF A. J. YOUNG

The New Shepherd. By A. J. Young. J. and E. Bumpus. 3s. 6d.

A MODERN Scot has edited a sixpenny selection of modern Scottish verse; and after putting in a number of his own poems (under a pseudonym) he sat down to write a preface. He regretted, this Modern Scot of dual personality, that he had been unable to include any of the poems of A. J. Young. It was regrettable. The arrogant sixpenny could have a little less Modernity (dull Modernity), a little less of the very commonplace, and by including a poem or two from "The Bird Cage," or other books by Mr. Young, it could have done some justice to a poet, not Modern indeed, but authentic and, to the shame of an anthology-fed public and lazy reviewers, unknown.

Mr. Young (shudder, good Modern Scot) is a nature poet; or as near one as it is possible to be. But he is no Georgian. He realises that we too can recognise the song of a thrush, or of a lark, that we are up enough in Natural History to know that primroses and daffodils occur in spring. But he happens to find his chief delight in the world around him, the narrow, but inexhaustible world of material life, of birds, plants, soil, scent, colour, states of weather and light; and he takes from it, not what all of us can see or know of automatically, but things and combinations of things which miss the casual glance and can yet be made containers, or rather, the source of intense pleasure and deep significance. Read through the poems of "The New Shepherd," and though they are not Mr. Young's best, you will be checked again and again (too completely checked perhaps) by images and epithets as inevitably true as they are unexpected. On the first page you will find an example—

I see the white clouds blow

From cottages thick-thatched with snow,
in which "thick-thatched" is the exact and only adjective. In a later poem, you will find him saying something unsaid about that much-handled yet recurrent season of fruit trees in flower

Where blossom from the wild pear shakes

Too rare a china breaks;

and have you seen a privet bush until you read A. J. Young

When I had stopped to mark

How scrub in winter sheds its bark

And how the privet's eyes of jet

With laughter in the sun were wet.

These chance illustrations are less surprising than many which could be picked out of Mr. Young's other books, and by themselves they might suggest (and the same suggestion might come from such a dexterous poem as "The Long-Tailed Tits") that Mr. Young was no more than a sharp observer with a skill in words; and it is true that his worst fault is one of imperfect communication. Exactly what he intends he is not always able to express. He writes, one feels, with unusual difficulty, in starts. Too often his poems are like excellent and exquisite tea-bowls marred by some crack, or even broken in pieces. There are times when he does succeed in writing a complete poem and making a very few words most moving. "Illic Jacit" is one example in this book, and "On the Ridgeway" another.

Thinking of those who walked here long ago
On this greenway in summer and in snow
She said, "This is the oldest road we tread,
The oldest in the world?" "Yes, love," I said.

But like many other lesser poets—Hartley Coleridge, for instance—Mr. Young does seem to be a poet chiefly in lines and stanzas, in single images not always strong enough to bear their superstructural and surrounding verse. He finds the image, one feels, and builds upon it; and the building is sometimes incongruous and sometimes weak. Nor can he be said to be ingenious rhythmically. In his rhythms (and in his forms, too) he is a bit monotonous and many times awkward.

But he repays the small cost of his small volumes—and that is where he differs from so many of our rather "natural," coarse-fish-fancying, throstle-throated vulgarly-boasted versifiers in the old English tradition.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON.

POMP AND VANITY

Mediæval Costume and Life. By Dorothy Hartley. Batsford. 12s.

THIS book is not a history of costume. "It is rather a serious endeavour to resuscitate so far as may be, a certain number of representative types of mediæval society." It must always be borne in mind, when considering the dress of old times, that one's position in the social scheme largely determined the clothes one wore. To-day, of course, it is otherwise; sartorially speaking, there is nothing to distinguish the proverbial duke from the proverbial dustman. But in ancient times a doctor, a lawyer, a merchant, and a husbandman had each his appropriate habit, differing in its degrees from that of the gentleman of rank and fashion. Another important point to remember is that in times past oldish and middle-aged people made no attempts to keep pace with the changing fashions. Thus, an old lady in 1568 would wear an old-fashioned "gable" hood of the type that went out of vogue about 1541—and no one would stare. Indeed, this "lag" in changing of vogue, existed far beyond the Middle Ages; and it is only recently, in our age of rapid communications and cinemas and fashion-plates, that fashionable innovations are able to percolate through to the provinces and the countryside, and that every woman of sixty can at anyrate dress like sweet seventeen. Though not always with the happiest results.

CHARLES IN CAPTIVITY

Honest Harry: Sir Henry Firebrace, 1619-1691. By C. W. Firebrace. John Murray. 15s.

THIS book is the biography of a man who began by serving the Roundhead Earl of Denbigh, who then became the friend and servant of Charles I, and who, in later years, was appointed Lord Steward of the Household. In an age when few were incorruptible he was renowned for his integrity and he had the power of inspiring confidence in all with whom he came in contact—hence the nickname, "Honest Harry." But the most interesting chapters concern the two years during which he attended the King during his imprisonment and the part he played in the latter's attempts at escape from captivity at Carisbrooke and flight from Hampton Court. From this book, we see one reason why the

many attempts made by the King to escape from his imprisonment always ended in failure: "He had supreme confidence in his powers before the event, but at the critical moment he had not the resolution necessary to screw up his courage to the sticking point and dare all to achieve success. This and other weak points in his character, rendered futile all the efforts of his devoted followers. The insuperable difficulty with which they had to contend was the nature of the King himself."

ASTRONOMY WITHOUT TEARS

Signals from the Stars. By George Ellery Hale. Scribners. 7s. 6d.

FROM time to time our natural complacency is aroused by the latest pronouncements of an Einstein or a de Sitter, a Jeans or an Eddington. One day we are told that the Universe is "boundless though not infinite," while a little later we are informed that it is "expanding" at a quite incredible rate; and we are annoyed or alarmed, thrilled or mystified, accordingly. Most of these problems of modern astro-physics have been raised through the revelations of great telescopes—indeed, the very truth of Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity, was itself answered by observing an eclipse of Jupiter's satellites.

In an excellent little book, Professor Hale discusses the working of very large telescopes in affording vital clues to our knowledge of the universe. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that in which he describes the 200-inch reflecting telescope which is to be erected by the Astrophysical Observatory of Pasadena. This new telescope, it is hoped, will be fully ten times as powerful as the 100-inch Mount Wilson reflector—itsself a giant, and it will penetrate for more than three times as far into space, thus opening for investigation an unexplained sphere about thirty times the volume of that which has hitherto been sounded. Its 200-inch mirror alone will weigh more than thirty tons and be about 26 inches thick, according to present expectations.

WITH RHODES IN AFRICA

Alfred Beit. By Seymour Fort. Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 9s. 6d.

"WITHOUT Beit," writes General Smuts in a Foreword, "Rhodes might have been a mere political visionary, bereft of power and practical creation." Some such appreciation of the great financier was rather more than due, for, although he died as long ago as 1906, there has been no authentic account of his life and work. The present volume is, however, a memoir rather than a biography, and is appreciative rather than critical in tone. Nevertheless, Mr. Fort has an excellent story to tell of those fantastic early days of gold and diamonds when Beit first met Rhodes. "While he was working at these plans late one evening in his office, Rhodes happened to look in. 'Hullo,' said Rhodes; 'do you never take a rest?' 'Not often' said Beit. 'Well, what is your game,' said Rhodes. 'I am going to control the whole diamond output before I am much older,' said Beit. 'That's funny,' said Rhodes, 'I have made up my mind to do the same; we had better join hands.'" They did; and between them initiated the amalgamation scheme that eventually resulted in the creation of the De Beers Consolidated Company which practically absorbed all the other companies in Kimberley.

BY CAR ACROSS AFRICA

Cape to Cowley via Cairo in a Light Car. By M. L. Belcher. Methuen. 8s. 6d.

THE title of this book is commendably explicit. It is all about a trip made by Miss Belcher and a friend in a small four-seater touring car whose mile-meter, we are informed, already registered 25,000. It was a journey crowded with adventure; and makes excellent reading.

Sir John Foster Fraser, who provides an introduction, remarks that "one of the values of this book is to show that before long the trip from Cape to Cairo will be considered no more hazardous than a run from Paris to Rome to-day." It is only necessary to add that if any one is contemplating such a trip, this book provides the best possible guide. Here are some specimen "tips for tenderfoots" provided by the authoress: "Carry a first-aid outfit, with a good supply of iodine, and keep a snake-bite outfit always at hand." "Out in the bush you will have to make your own bread. This is quite easily done with flour. . . ." Instructions are then given. "In parts it is difficult to get milk, and in any case it won't keep even when boiled. . . ." "Keep a sharp look out for ants." "When choosing a site, keep out of long grass if possible, and avoid low spreading trees; you don't know what either may be harbouring." "Test all bridges before you attempt to cross them." "When fording a river, make sure of the depth before taking the crossing. . . . If you stick in mid-stream, be chary of restarting the engine." "Don't think speed is the only thing necessary to get you over obstacles. When in doubt, go slow." What excellent precepts! And surely the latter need not be confined to crossing the Wadi Doshemir but be applied equally when crossing Hyde Park Corner.

MAGIC AND MAGICIANS

Sorcerers of Dobu. By R. F. Fortune. Routledge. 15s

DR. FORTUNE'S extraordinary studies of the Dobu islanders, in the archipelago of Eastern New Guinea, do not exactly present the idea of a happy people. From cradle to grave they are lapped in witchcraft and evil influences. Every man and wife regard each other as witch and sorcerer. Mutual love is the product of magic. At any moment one may be smitten with disease through the spells of a distant ill-wisher. Death, not visibly due to assault or suicide, is always the result of sorcery. Successful theft is accomplished by charming the yams out of your neighbour's garden. Fear of magic naturally breeds respect for it, and to be a good man is to be an accomplished adulterer and thief, while the bad man is a weak person for ever defeated in these activities. Among these hitherto unknown folk, Dr. Fortune lived entirely alone for several months. He was a master of their language in three, learning it purely by contact, and so much in their confidence that he has brought back an amazing store of new anthropological knowledge and a number of spells so potent that they must not even be whispered near any human habitation. Most curious is the Dobuan social system, property descending, not from father to son, but from man to sister's son.

SHORTER NOTICES

A Detective in Sussex. By Donald Maxwell. The Bodley Head. 6s.

LOVERS of Sussex will find this book well worth reading as well as rambles in the county. Mr. Maxwell continues the topographical investigations he started in Kent, and their result is a very interesting collection of facts and theories about the county. Accompanied by his "assistant" and his sketch-book he wanders about finding in what ordinary people would call "nice views" plenty of material and foundations for his deductions as to the past history of the places he studies.

Panchatantra and Hitopadesa Stories. Translated with an Introduction by A. S. P. Ayyar. Bombay: Taraporevala. Rs. 5. London; Kegan Paul.

MR. AYYAR is already known as a skilled storyteller, famous for his portrayal of Indian life and character. In the present book he has made an admirable collection of short stories of India, culled from many sources. The dominant note in all is the moral, and many are frankly fables or parables. It is a book to be dipped into again and again, not to be read through at a sitting, or, it is not a short book, at consecutive sittings. It is a highly coloured and often romantic world that the stories reveal; with a morality shrewd and kindly inculcating generosity, prudence, honesty and truth, and infused throughout with the wisdom that comes from the East.

Letters from Lord Sydenham to Lord John Russell. By Paul Knaplund, PhD. George Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

THIS collection of letters is rather disappointing. Passages referring to names, which are still well known in Canada as Beverley Robinson, Chief Justice at the time, and Dr. John Strachan, the Bishop of Toronto whose fame is now commemorated in the Diocese by a large girls school, occur. One reveals Viscount Duncannon, then Lord Privy Seal and later 4th Earl of Bessborough, as taking an intimate interest in Canadian problems. There are letters showing the almost unbelievable ignorance of Canadian affairs in England, both in the press and at Westminster, a state of affairs which has changed very little through passing years. But the comments on "what is absurdly called self-government," the story of his lecture to the first representatives, his production of precedents for the new House, and other matters of constitutional interest are of some value.

Year Book of Education: 1932. Evans. 35s.

THIS volume is the first *Year Book of Education* ever published in Great Britain and its publication does credit to all concerned. Not only is it a repository of facts and figures of all kinds relating to education, but it is also an endeavour to bring these facts and figures into perspective and to suggest underlying principles and lines of development.

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The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the best of the week.—ED.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

- HAYMARKET.** *Can the Leopard . . . ?* by Ronald Jeans. (Whitehall 9832.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Gertrude Lawrence and Ian Hunter in a very witty and well-acted comedy.
- STRAND.** *It's a Girl*, by Austin Melford. (Temple Bar 2660.) 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard in a farce similar to "It's a Boy."
- ROYALTY.** *While Parents Sleep.* By Anthony Kimmins. 8.40. Thurs. and Sat. 2.40. Not for the squeamish or the intellectual playgoer, but recommended for its rare vitality and boisterous high-spirits.
- ADELPHI.** "Helen!" Opera-Bouffe, based on "La Belle Helene," by A. P. Herbert. Music by Offenbach. 8.15. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Reviewed this week.
- HIS MAJESTY'S.** *Julius Cæsar.* 8.15. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. A robustly theatrical revival by a company of "star" Shakespearians. Review next week.

BROADCASTING

WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

DAVENTRY NATIONAL

- Monday, February 15, 6.50 p.m. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy will give the weekly talk on "New Books."
- 9.20 p.m. Mr. S. P. B. Mais will give the seventh talk in his series "The Unknown Island."
- 9.40 p.m. There will be a Chamber Music Concert, when the Kutcher String Quartet will play Quartets by Mozart and Beethoven.
- Tuesday, February 16, 8.30 p.m. Mr. J. E. Barton will give the first of six talks on "Modern Art." In this talk he will deal with the question "Is Beauty a Luxury?"
- Wednesday, February 17, 6.50 p.m. Mr. Francis Birrell will give his monthly talk on "The Cinema."
- 7.30 p.m. There will be the first of a series of talks entitled "Changes in Family Life."
- 8.15 p.m. Sir Henry Wood will conduct the 15th of the series of B.B.C. Symphony Concert, to be relayed from the Queen's Hall.
- Thursday, February 18, 9.20 p.m. Mr. Vernon Bartlett will give his weekly talk on "The Way of the World."
- Friday, February 19, 9.20 p.m. Professor J. Coatman will give the sixth talk in his series "The Empire and Ourselves."
- Saturday, February 20, 7.5 p.m. Mr. E. L. Grant Watson will talk about "Poacher and Tramp" in the fourth talk in his series "The Common Earth."
- 9.20 p.m. "There will be the seventh of the "Conversations in the Train" entitled "On the 9.20."
- LONDON REGIONAL**
- Sunday, February 14, 5 p.m. Mr. F. E. Barry will give the eighteenth talk in the series "The Modern Dilemma."

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST

LONDON FILMS

- THE NEW GALLERY.** *The Guilty Generation.* A gangster film of more than average merit. Leo Carillo, who was in "The Dove" last week, stars.
- THE CARLTON.** *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* With Fredric March. To be criticized next week.
- THE CAPITOL.** *Over the Hill.* Criticized this week.
- THE ACADEMY.** *Warning Shadows.* Criticized this week. Supported by Feyder's *Les Nouveaux Messieurs.*
- THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.** *Congress Dances.* This delightful comedy with music continues. Conrad Veidt and Lilian Harvey.
- THE EMPIRE.** *Private Lives.* Criticized in this issue.
- THE ASTORIA.** *City Streets.* If you have not seen this picture, you should see it now. Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney.

GENERAL RELEASES

- Rebound.* A very amusing and clever picture with a fine performance by Ina Claire.
- The Star Witness.* A gangster picture with Walter Huston and Chic Sale.
- Skyline.* Rather an ordinary story, but some good photography among the skyscrapers. Thomas Meighan and Myrna Loy.

BOOKS TO READ

LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

- The Crisis of the £.* By J. Taylor Peddie. MacMillan. 7s. 6d. Is worth reading over this week in conjunction with the Tariff debates in Parliament. Contains information on the balance of the world trade. The author strongly urges Imperial Unity.
- Through the Box-Office Window.* By W. H. Leverton. T. Werner Laurie. The theatrical reminiscences of a famous Box-Office manager.
- Ludendorff.* By Karl Tschuppik. G. Allen & Unwin. 16s. A critical study of one of the ablest generals of the Great War.
- Manchuria.* By Col. P. T. Etherton and H. Hessel Tiltman. Jarrolds. 12s. 6d. Relates the whole story of Manchuria, and enables the British public to form an unbiased and informed opinion on the present grave crisis.
- A Hypnotist's Case Book.* By Alex. Erskine. Rider. 5s. A book which reveals instances of hypnotic cure.

NOVELS

- Morgan's Yard.* By Richard Price. Collins. 7s. 6d.
- Brief Youth.* By F. E. Mills Young. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.
- Morning Glory.* By Colette. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
- Peril at End House.* By Agatha Christie. Collins. 7s. 6d.

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